## About New Books and Authors

The latest of all the game and sportsmen's books is by no less a person than Grover Cleveland, ex-president of the United States. It is called "Fishing and Shooting Sketches" and is published by the Outing company of New York is published of New York.

The delightful little sketches contained in the volume are introduced by an essay on "The Mission of Sport and Outdoor Life," and it is followed by "A Defence of Fishermen."

Here is an extract from his article on fishing:

Here is an extract from his article on fishing:

"While our knowledge of these things does not exact from us an independent protest against constantly repeated praise of the qualities of trout and of fly-casting as a means of taking them, it perhaps adds to the spirit and emphasis of our dissent when we are told that fly-casting for trout is the only style of fishing worthy of cultivation, and that no other method ought to be undertaken by a true fisherman.

"This is one of the deplorable fishing affectations and pretenses which the sensible rank and file of the fraternity ought openly to expose and repudiate. Our irritation is greatly increased when we recall the fact that every one of these super-refined flycasting dictators, when he falls to allure trout by his most scientific casts, will chase grasshoppers to the point of profuse perspiration, and turn over logs and stones with feverish anxiety in quest of worms and grubs, if haply he can with these save himself from empty-handedness. Neither his fine theories nor his exclusive faith in flycasting so develops his self-denying heroism that he will turn his back upon fat and lazy trout that will not rise." "This is one of the deplorable fish

Here is something from his essay on

Here is something from his essay on rabbit shooting which will prove especially interesting to Kansans:

"Some hunters there are, of the super-refined and dudish sort, who deny to the rabbit any position among legitimate game animals; and there are others who, while grudgingly admitting rabbits to the list, seem to think it necessary to excuse their concession others who, while grudgingly admitting rabbits to the list, seem to think it necessary to excuse their concession by calling them hares. I regard all this as pure affectation and nonsense. I deem it not beneath my dignity and standing as a reputable gunner to write of the rabbit as an entirely suitable member of the game community; and in doing so I am not dealing with hares or any other thing except plain, little every-day plebelan rabbits—sometimes appropriately called 'cotton-tails.' Though they may be 'defamed by every charlatan,' among hunters of self-constituted high degree and despised by thousands who know nothing of their game qualities. I am not ashamed of their pursuit; and I count it by no means bad skill to force them by a successful shot to a topsyturvy-pause when at their best speed." The book is made to sell for \$1.25.

BOSS BOWSER.

That Is, He Thought He Was, But

Things Happen,

For three or four days Mr. Bowser

had been cross and grumpy and fault-finding, and while Mrs. Bowser had tried to smooth things over she knew

tried to smooth things over she knew that an outbreak was about due and prepared herself accordingly. All husbands break out once in so often. It is said to be caused by bile on the liver, but it may be the latent cussedness lurking in the best of men and periodically boiling over. When he reached home from the office the other evening she knew that the hour had come. He came scuffling along the street, kicked the gate open and entered the hall with a bang. He was

tered the hall with a bang. He was welcomed in the usual fashion, but sulked all through dinner. When to'd that a teamster had fallen from his

that a teamster had fallen from his wagon in front of the house that after-noon and broken his neck, the news brought only a "humph!" in reply. It was only after their return to the sit-ting room that he started the ball roll-

one of the few surviving eik. He told his friend how he felt about the matter, and with his regrets he made a plea for the adoption of measures to preserve the hord. His fetter had a wonderful effect. His friend in Tacoma gave up the trip and secured the passage of a law absolutely protecting the elk.

Following upon their discovery of the fact that the Cedarton of Sewell Ford's stories in his new book. "Truegate of Mogador," published by the Scribners, is really Toms River, N. J., in disguise, the clitzens of that village are reported to be busily engaged in reading and discussing the merits of the book. It is also evident from the following extract from a late news paragraph that they are proud of his real success in making a book out of their sayings and doings. The clipping says that when they found him out: "They looked upon Fordans an acquisition, and used to point aim out to the summer visitors, with a look of conscious pride, as 'That's Ford, Sewell Ford, the author—you know the chap, what writes horse stories.' When the Presbyterian church gave a musical and literary entertainment in Coppertiwait hall, Ford was impressed into the service, and altogether the townsfork looked at Ford as a possession to be proud of and pointed out—something like the new town clock that the village women's club put in the church tower right across from his home."

Jacques Futrelle is a writer who has attained great popularity by his clever detective stories which have aversed.

Jacques Futrefle is a writer who has Jacques Futrelle is a writer who has attained great popularity by his clever detective stories, which have appeared in numerous newspapers. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for publication this spring a volume by Mr. Futrelle, under the title of "The Thinking Machine," which promises to be an unusually good book.

The book is made to soil for \$1.25.

The Journal of American History is a pretentious quarterly the right of the pretentious quarterly the right of the pretention of the protect of th

the latest popular novels before the public at less than half the usual price.

Anthony Fiala, the arctic explorer, whose book, "Fighting the Polar Ice," has been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is perhaps the only real photographer to make the dash for the great northern record. As a result, his ice nictures are perhaps the most rechine," which promises to be an unusually good book.

The Old Greek Press with headquarters in Chicago appeared in the publishing field three years ago with four books on the Art of Writing and Speaking English, by Sherwin Cody, and has managed to sell over 50,000 sets of these books. But now it announces for the spring two novels, "Six Mad Men," by Rix Faber, and "The Lover's Club," by Philetus Brown. The story of the origin of these books is quite as romantic as the stories themselves are likely to prove.

Two new volumes will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in "The Chief Poets Series." Their titles will be "The Chief English Poets to the Time of Chaucer," edited by Professor C. G. Child, of the University of Pennsylvania; and "The Chief English Poets from Chaucer to Tottel's Miscellany," edited by Professor W. A. Neilson and Dr. Kenneth G. T. Webster of Harvard university.

In "Glimpses of Italian Court Life" Mrs. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller de-

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THEN HE WENT OUT AND VALKED UP AND DOWN!

ing by saying:
"Mrs. Bowser, I don't wonder that some husbands take to drink."
"There is no rope around you if you want to take to drink." she at once regasped Mr. Bowser, as he walked "What? What's that! Woman, don't stick your chin up at me. How I have stood the way you have run this house stood the way you have run this house for the last fifteen years is a mystery to me. I propose to have a straight talk with you this evening."
"That's what I have been looking forward to for some time. I want to tell you as a starter that I'm not at all the straight with the way you conduct

"You do, and you know you do!" he

about and cast furtive glances at her.

"To you, sir," she answered. This is about the time of year when you begin to hint around that we ought to have a new milk cow. Let me tell you that if you invest in one I'll break her neck. I won't stand by and see our money squandered that way."

"Squandered! I squander our away, A week ago I went to bad and

We have had five girls quit us in the last year, and it was all owing to your hen-huzzy ways. Each one has told me so. They don't want and won't have you lolly-lopping around the kitchen and telling how sorry you are that they can't be seated in the parlor playing on the piano. I say I want you to quit it."

Mr. Bowser turned as white as snow and his knees gave under him as he rose up.



hear nothing more in that line. Cut off your cigars and wine and leave the money in the house to be given out to tramps. I shall give or not, just as I elect."

"But I am telling you—"
"Never mild what you are telling. You have always meddled more or less."

"And this is Mrs. Bowser and she is talking to me!" he gasped as he looked at the cat and then around the room to see if he had possibly made any mistake. There was a moment's silence and then Mrs. Bowser continued:

"But I am telling you—"
"Never mind what you are telling. You have always meddled more or less with the help problem. I want you to stop it. I know more in a minute about managing a girl than you know in a year. When I fall with one you may butt in."
"But you never have any pity for them."
"They are not working for pity, but for cold cash, the same as you are. We have had five girls quit us in the last year, and it was all owing to your clubs."

I know more in a minute silence and then Mrs. Bowser continued:

"You were speaking about putting in two evenings a week at your clubs. You never attend one of them that you don't come home at least five dollars worse off in pocket, and on some occasions you have dropped as high as fifteen at poker. In the first place you don't know the game, and in the next we are going to the theater one night per week during the rest of the season. You can cut out one of your clubs."

told "Mrs. Bowser," he whispeerd, as he looked a bit scared, "am I Mr. Bowser?" "You surely are.

"The Bowser who runs things?"
"No, sir. You are the Bowser whose wife runs things. There's a new deal on hand. Perhaps you had better take a walk and think things over. You look as if your mind was all tied up in knots"

Mr. Bowser walked down the hall like one in a dream and put on his hat and overcoat. Then he went out and walked up and down. Men spoke to him, and boys threw snowballs at him from across the street, but with lowered eyes and bent head he continued to walk. The snow courseled walks. ered eyes and bent head he continued to 'walk. The snow crunched under his feet; the north wind blew and the dead limbs of the shade trees rattled against each other over his head, but he walked and walked and whispered to himself:

"If I am Mr. Bowser, what am I doing here? If I am not, then what has become of him, and who the devil am I?"



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